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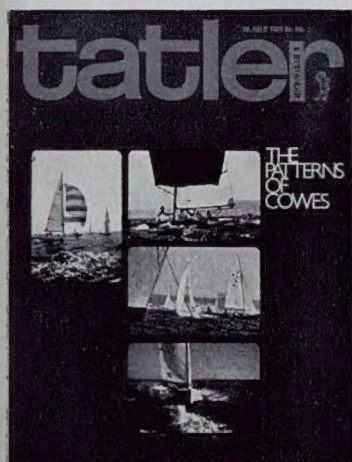
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28 July 1965 2s 6d weekly

tatler

and bystander volume 257 number 3335

EDITOR
JOHN OLIVER



The true pattern of Cowes is formed by the sails of all kinds of craft from the largest ocean racers to the smallest offshore dinghies. The Darings, Dragons, Flying Dutchmen and Finns were photographed for the cover by Vernon Stratton, himself a notable yachtsman. The fleets assemble this weekend for the official opening of Cowes Week. Meantime there's a curtain raiser on page 148 with Barry Swaebe's pictures of yachtsmen in a round-the-island race

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Macleod Parliament, Dunvegan Castle, Skye, 29 July-3 Aug.
Royal Tournament, Earls Court, to 31 July.

Goodwood Races, to 30 July.
Shiplake Summer Ball, The School, Henley-on-Thames, 30 July, in aid of the new pavilion. (Tickets, 35s., double £3, from the Secretary, Shiplake Court, Henley-on-Thames.)

Oxford Game Fair, Shotover House, Wheatley, 30, 31 July. (Details, Major A. A. Miller, REG 2712.)

A Fox's Frolic, organized by the Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt at Marston St. Lawrence House, 31 July. (Tickets, £3 3s., inc. champagne buffet supper and breakfast, from Mrs. Roscoe, Ickford 240.)

Dublin International Horse Show, 3-7 August.

National Pony Society Show, Malvern, 5 August.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Redcar, 28, 29; Goodwood, 28-30; Thirsk, 30, 31; Epsom, Newmarket, Warwick, 31 July; Folkestone, Newcastle, Ripon, 2; Wolverhampton, 2, 3 August.
Steeplechasing: Newton Abbot, 31 July, 2 August.

GOLF

Royal and Ancient Meeting, St. Andrews, 2-14 August.

British Youths Open Amateur Championship, Northumberland Course, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, today to 30 July.

MOTOR RACING

Ulster Grand Prix, 7 August.

POLO

Cowdray Park: Goodwood Week Tournament, 24 July-1 August.

Tidworth Tournament, 3-8 August.

Taunton Tournament, 19-22 August.

CROQUET

Open Championships, Hurlingham Club, to 31 July.

YACHTING & REGATTAS

Maidenhead Regatta, 31 July.

Cowes Week, 1-8 August.

Falmouth Week, 2-7 August.

Menai Straits Fortnight, 2-15 August.

Serpentine Regatta, 5-7 August.

R.O.R.C. Fastnet Race, 7 August.

Bridlington Week, Yorks, 7-14 August.

Fowey Royal Regatta, 10 August.

MUSICAL

Royal Albert Hall. Henry Wood Promenade Concerts, to 11 September.

Royal Festival Hall, Rostropovitch ('cello), with L.S.O.,



Jill Bennett as Countess Sophia Delyanov, a Russian spy, and Maximilian Schell as Alfred Redl in John Osborne's *A Patriot for Me*, at the Royal Court Theatre.

cond. Rozhdestvensky, 1 August, 7.30 p.m. (WAT 3191.)

Bolshoi Ballet, Royal Festival Hall, to 21 August. Mon.-Fri., 8 p.m., Sat. 5.30 and 8.30 p.m., with Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. (WAT 3191)

New Victoria. London's Festival Ballet in *Swan Lake*. Mon.-Sat., 8 p.m. Mats. Wed., Sat., 2.30 p.m. (VIC 5732.)

Fenton House, Hampstead. Delme String Quartet, 8 p.m. tonight. (PRI 7142.)

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, to 15 August.

Giacometti Exhibition, Tate Gallery, to 30 August.

Lord Mayor's Art Award, Guildhall Art Gallery, to 5 August.

Léger paintings, 1918-1938, Gimpel Fils, to 14 August.

30 Centuries of Iranian Art, Hamilton Galleries, St. George St., Hanover Square, to 28 August.

Vasarely, Calder: Brook Street Gallery, to September.

FESTIVALS

Hintlesham Festival, Hintlesham Hall, near Ipswich, to 1 August.

Bexhill Music Festival, to 30 July.

Southern Cathedrals Festival, Chichester, 29-31 July.

SON ET LUMIERE

Royal Pavilion, Brighton, to 4 September; Southwark Cathedral, to 11 September.

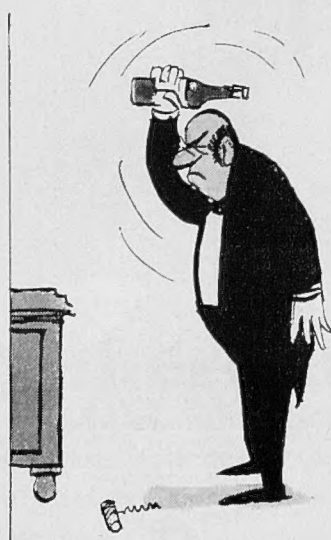
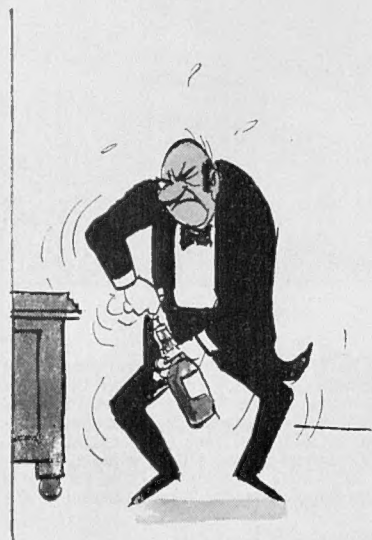
EXHIBITIONS

Shakespeare Exhibition, Stratford-on-Avon, to 19 September.

Kipling Centenary Exhibition, Batemans, Burwash, Sussex, to 31 October.

Guild of Gloucestershire Craftsmen, Market and Exhibition, Painswick, Gloucestershire, 1 to 21 August, 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. weekdays.

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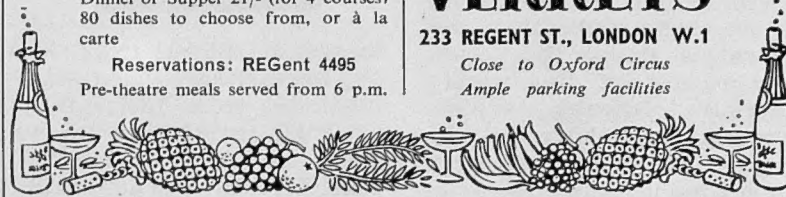
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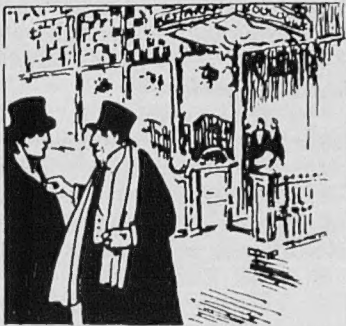
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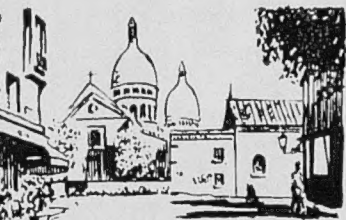


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Doone Beal / The time and the place

GOING PLACES

The lament that one was not here last (or next) month, instead of this one is a cliché with which all travellers are familiar. But in a series of visits to the Middle East in October and early November I have been joyfully aware that, just for once, I had struck it right. Friends in Alexandria, drinking tea in the shade of their cabin on Nefertiti Beach, told me that November was the time when they, the natives, could begin to enjoy the city and its beaches once more. For Alexandria has become the most popular (and, for many Egyptians, the only possible) escape hatch to sea and comparative coolness during the dry, dusty summer. The smart beaches, such as Nefertiti, are nearly all part of the old royal estates. The wild ones, to the west of the city, begin at Adami and stretch for nearly 500 kilometres, via Mersa Matruh towards the Libyan border. The sand is pounded coral, like the best of the Caribbean, and the water is that clear aquamarine peculiar to oceans lit up by a white sea bed.

The only resort hotel I can recall is the new Palestine (on the smart beach side) that was built with a flourish of pride to house last year's Summit conference. For local colour, stay in town at the Windsor, where the service more than compensates the rather less than luxury conditions. This is where you find out all about the Alexandria that Durrell knew, and where the locals (who quite genuinely adore visitors) gather. Not only the management, but also the local Eastmar Travel Agency is particularly friendly and co-operative to visitors. Through them, temporary membership of the Yacht or the Sporting Club is easily arranged—as, also, is a day's sailing. The best restaurant is Santa Lucia, which evolves into a nightclub around 11 p.m., but it is amusing, too, to dine at a fish restaurant in Aboukir, pick your shellfish from great stone troughs and chat to the black marketeers who perambulate between the tables with baskets of tinned food, cigarettes and nylons. Whereas Cairo is Oriental, Alexandria is essentially Mediterranean. It has remained, in its odd way, gay and defiant, even though its more opulent

life has been strangled at source. In many senses, it is the Budapest of the Middle East.

The Lebanon represents one of the oldest civilizations, yet Beirut is among the newest and richest of the world's capitals. Beirut's skyline changes almost daily, and gets more like Manhattan every time I see it. One of the loveliest of cities from the air, it is also one of the ugliest and most chaotic on terra firma. Perhaps, once they have finished with the construction and demolition, the cranes and the concrete mixers, it will emerge as a kind of super Copacabana. Yet if one compares Alexandria with Budapest, Beirut might almost be compared to Hong Kong.

Inviolable from the political turmoil that surrounds the other Arab countries, it is at once too small, too rich and too useful to be worth anybody's while to interfere with. Melting pot and escape hatch, listening post and gigantic bank, it exists on a razor edge of confidence. Hence much of its stimulus and its curious appeal. It attracts the jet set and the leisured sun seekers as did Tangier and Monte Carlo. And on the terrace of the St George, the oldest established hotel, a string orchestra still plays selections from *The Merry Widow*. Elsewhere, piped music, often unhappily amplified by loudspeaker, accompanies each waking hour; but they do away with much of that once the summer season is over, and one can lie by the pools and on the beaches in sunny, soporific silence.

It is only astonishing that rural Lebanon has remained so rural, in spite of an encroachment of rather unlovely summer villas in the hill towns. But one can drive for miles through sensational country, within 10 minutes of leaving the coast. Up behind the city, with an almost airborne view, Beirut looks beautiful again. Drive, for example, straight up into the hills behind Tabarja, through Ghazir and Mazraat and Beskinta; or through the dramatic Jezzine gorge and Beit-el-Dhein, the old mountain capital, which has a rather magnificent 18th-century palace. Or, on the way to Baalbeck, stop in Chtoura where the



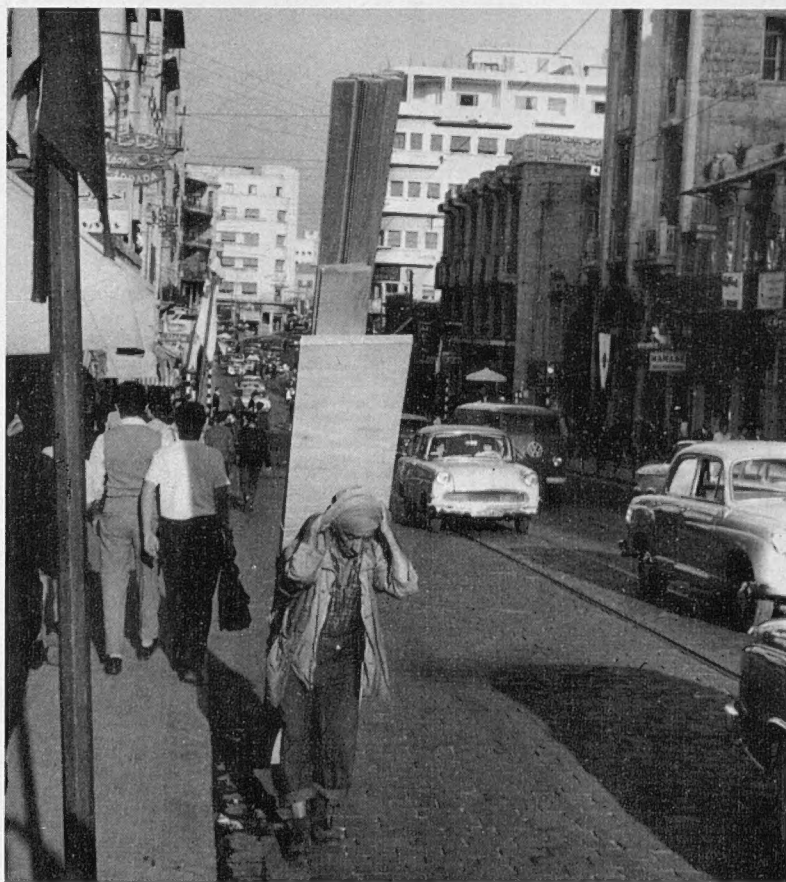
ABROAD

local speciality is frogs' legs and the tables are set out underneath the trees. Incidentally, the Park Hotel at Chtoura is a good base for the Baalbeck Festival, if there is no room at the Palmyra hotel in Baalbeck itself. Zahleh is a small town nearby with a stream running through it, and little cafés along the banks. Go there to eat endless relays of mezze, washed down with light beer or arak. But my favourite of all Lebanese country restaurants is the Jardin de Cesar, at Biet-Mery, in the hills just behind Beirut itself. Its vine covered garden is planted with jasmine and orange blossom; their lasagne (the proprietor is Italian) is matchless; as, also, is the view over the evening kaleidoscope of stars and lights.

Providing one does not mind a degree of isolation, Tabarja Beach, only 18 kilometres but a good 45 minutes' drive out of Beirut in heavy traffic, is a good place to lie about in. There are private cabanas, an Olympic saltwater pool, and a really

heavenly view across the sickle curve of the coast, backed by mountains. Coral Beach, also new, is just on Beirut's western wing. It is very agreeable, and much easier for shopping, meeting people and dining in than Beirut itself. There are excellent bedrooms (£5 10s. for double room, private bath and service), a good restaurant and a nightclub, the Beachcomber, which is currently among the tops. The Mayflower, in the city, is a small hotel whose proprietor, an ardent Anglophile, takes a pride in accommodating English idiosyncrasy. The value is remarkable at £2 a day, including room with private bath and one main meal, other than the speciality of a fair, square English breakfast.

The 23-day excursion fare of £96 is valid for points of arrival and departure at Cairo, Damascus, Amman, Jerusalem and Beirut. Middle East Airlines have a good network throughout these points, plus three direct flights to London from Beirut each week, and daily flights via either Geneva or Frankfurt. They are probably the best people to ask for chapter and verse about touring the Middle East in general; call at their offices in Piccadilly.



A porter in the cobbled streets of Beirut's commercial quarter

MARC SHARRATT

John Baker White / Up on the roof

GOING PLACES TO EAT

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays.

W.B. . . . Wise to book a table.

The Belvedere, Holland House, Holland Park. Open Luncheon and Dinner including Sundays. (WES 4641.) Open to 11.30 p.m. weekdays and 11 p.m. Sundays. Travelling from East to West along Kensington High Street, turn right into Melbury Road. Bear left, turning right into Abbotsbury Road. You will soon see a car park with the Belvedere standing in a garden above it. The restaurant occupies two floors of the garden ballroom and Solarium of Holland House. The charming formal garden surrounding it is floodlit at night, so book a table upstairs if you can. The food and wines live up to their setting. The menu, though smaller, is similar in character and price to that of the now departed Trocadero Grill, and the wine list is up to the high standard one expects from Lyons' cellars. I enjoyed my prawn cocktail, as I did the escalope of veal Holstein, and the fresh fruit salad. No doubt there will be controversy about the interior décor with its contrasting bright colours, but the restaurant was designed by Mr. Leonard Manasseh, President of the R.I.B.A. and the Architectural Association. All in all, it is certainly one of London's most pleasant restaurants by day or by night. For those who are interested a Belvedere is "a pavilion or raised turret on the top of a house," or "a summer house on an eminence." W.B.

Nick's Havajah Restaurant, 16 Bateman Street, Soho (out of Frith Street). (GER 4736.) Open for luncheon and dinner. Aesthetically, Bateman Street is not very attractive, but the white and gold façade of this restaurant stands out like a smile on a grey day. There are smiles of welcome inside, too, from the two patrons and their attentive staff. Smallish, with an amiable intimate atmosphere, this restaurant offers remarkable value for money with its 7s. luncheon and 9s. dinner, with several choices in each course. For 7s. I had a generous plate of well made minestrone, as much moussaka as I needed with potatoes, rice and peas, and a fresh fruit salad that really was made

from fresh fruit. With a glass of ouzo, half a bottle of retsina and a pot of coffee my bill was 22s. The cooking is by no means exclusively Greek, as the *à la carte* menu indicates, and there is a sound wine list. It is one of the restaurants that, for several reasons, I shall go to again. W.B.

Spain in Sussex

Really good Spanish cooking is still difficult to find in Britain, especially out of London, and in The Parade at Angmering-on-Sea would not be the most likely place to look for it. But there it is at La Favorita, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Carlos de Valera, with Mr. Fernando de Valera as chef. His gazpacho, the Spanish cold soup, is excellent (and how nasty it can be even on its home ground!) His paella, for which notice should be given, is dependable, and his scampi dishes of notable quality. The restaurant is pleasantly got up and the Spanish emphasis is not overdone. Mr. de Valera has selected the wines of his country with care, and he has a number of Spanish-bottled sherries. The service is quick, attentive and smiling. La Favorita is closed on Mondays and it is wise to reserve your table, telephone Rustington 2496. Mr. & Mrs. de Valera acquired recently a well known Brighton restaurant, the Mascotte at 29 Preston Street. This is closed on Sunday evenings. Telephone Brighton 28775.



Vivien Leigh and Lee Marvin in *Ship of Fools*, Columbia's film of Katharine Anne Porter's novel and due in the West End next month

A meal to remember

Date: June 23, 1965. *Place:* The Australian Wine Centre, Frith Street, Soho. *Host:* Mr. Keith Cook, Senior Trade Commissioner in London for Australia to a company of seven. *Menu:* Smoked Salmon; Roast Sirloin of Beef, Roast Potatoes, Savoury Tomato Pie, French Butter Beans, Cauliflower au Gratin; Cheese, Celery and Biscuits. *Wines:* Gramp's Orlando Barossa Fino, Glenloth Fino Palido, Hamilton's Sprinton Riesling, Emu Imperial Burgundy, Edwards and Chaffey Seaview Tawny, Angove's St. Agnes Liqueur Brandy, the Australian Liqueur "Marnique".

Apart from the well cooked food this meal illustrated how well Australian wines go with traditional English foods. I enjoyed particularly the Barossa Fino and the Riesling, 16s. & 13s. per bottle retail.

I find it difficult to understand why so few restaurants have Australian wines on their lists. At a recent Friends of Wine Tasting at The Vintner's Hall the 1961 Australian claret shown was judged excellent, and many felt that it was much better than the 1959 Haut Medoc shown next to it.

. . . and a reminder

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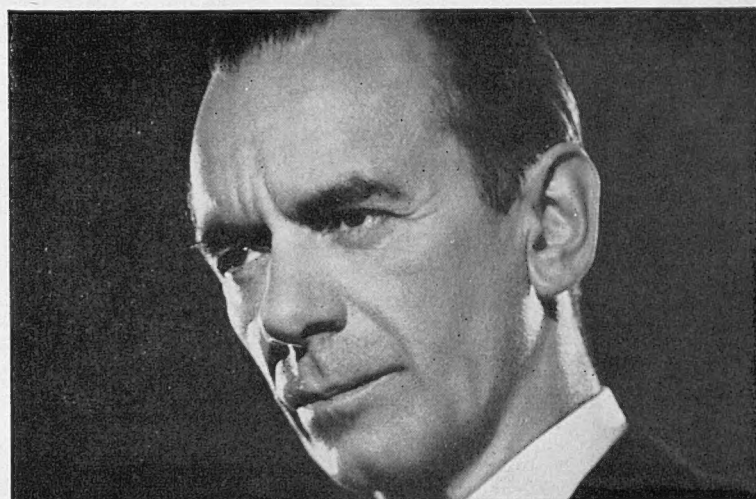
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A SOUTH AMERICAN PRECEDENT

President Eduardo Frei of Chile, the first South American head of state to pay an official visit to Britain, waves his acknowledgement to the crowds waiting to welcome him and his wife. Earlier they had flown from Paris to Gatwick Airport where they had been met by Princess Alexandra and had travelled by special train to Victoria Station where the Queen and Prince Philip waited. Then followed the state drive to Buckingham Palace in open carriages

Return from the island

Cruising yachts which competed in the Round-the-Island race sponsored by W. D. & H. O. Wills of Bristol, crossed from Cowes to the Hamble for the presentation of prizes at the Royal Southern Yacht Club by Mrs. T. D. Mitchell, wife of the club's Commodore.

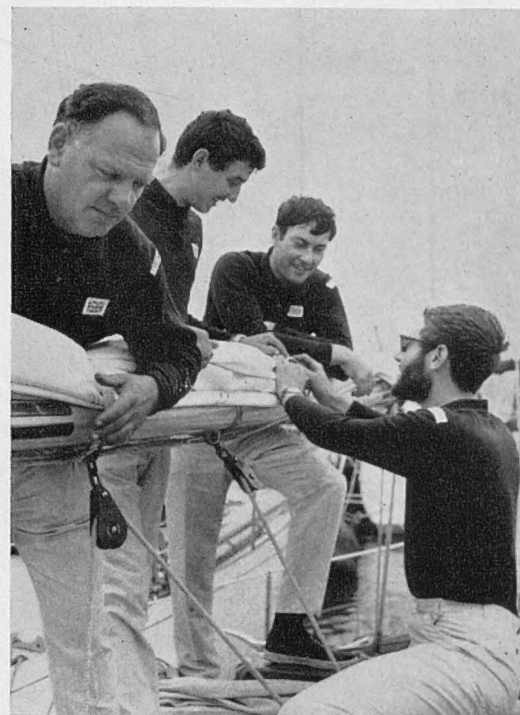
Trophies included the Wills prize for the overall winner and the Monty Bradshaw Challenge Bowl. This is presented by members of the family of the late Col. Bradshaw, former Commodore of the R.S.Y.C. and awarded to the club member who returns the best corrected time

Mr. Robin Walters, owner of Piasano, winner of Class IV, receiving the Monty Bradshaw Challenge Bowl from Mrs. T. D. Mitchell



PHOTOGRAPHS: BARRY SWAEBE

Mr. Dennis Miller, the owner, Mr. Kipper Kite, Mr. Hamish Wilson and Mr. Michael Baxter, aboard Firebrand, winner of Class I



Guests on the Royal Southern jetty at the party which followed the presentation of prizes

Mr. Tony Max, Mr. Raymond Scott, Mr. G. Jackson, and, in front, Miss Sally Irwin, Mrs. Scott, and Mr. P. O'Brien, aboard Sorcerer



Mr. W. R. Thornback, secretary of the Royal Southern Yacht Club, and Mr. T. D. Mitchell, the Commodore, aboard Bloodhound



Contessa of Parkstone (Class IV) was overall winner. Aboard is Mr. Martin Sadler, the owner, in dinghy his son David

The transatlantic dance

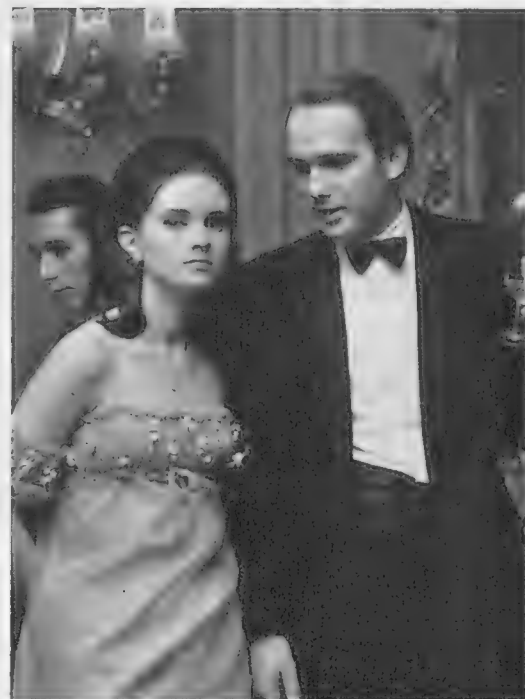
Lady Brocklebank, wife of Sir John Brocklebank, Bt., and Mr. Henry Mortimer from New York gave a dance for their daughters, Miss Fiona Forshaw-Wilson and

Miss Victoria Mortimer, at the Dorchester. Mr. Philip Marland designed an original décor, the Lido Deck of a transatlantic liner. Before the dance Mr. Mortimer gave a dinner party at the Ritz

Miss Fiona Forshaw-Wilson and Miss Victoria Mortimer who shared the dance. Behind them a mural of the Manhattan skyline



Miss Caroline Goodwin and Mr. Toby Cholmeley



Prince Murat and the Hon. Victoria Lever



The Duke of Marlborough, his son Lord Charles Spencer Churchill with his fiancée Miss Jill Fuller, and Lady Caroline Waterhouse



Miss Teresa Escudero from Spain, Miss Catherine de Bremond d'Ars from France, and Miss Christine Biddle, a cousin of Miss Victoria Mortimer

The party in the rain

by Muriel Bowen

So far there have been two of the Royal Garden Parties at Buckingham Palace, the first largely spoilt by rain and the second in fine weather but with the grass still very spongy after the wet weather of the previous days. THE QUEEN ignored the drizzle and only when it became quite heavy rain did she put up an umbrella. After other members of the Royal Family had gone into tea THE QUEEN MOTHER was still meeting people, seemingly not noticing the rain which at this point had become a steady down-pour. Some other guests didn't mind the weather. Mr. QUINTIN HOGG, M.P., in plastic mackintosh and grey topper, first looked despondent as he gazed up at the sky, but brightened visibly in the tea tent.

THE NEW CHAIRMAN

Mrs. BOB ESTABROOK, wife of the *Washington Post's* chief foreign correspondent, stood out on the lawns with the rain pelting on her umbrella: "We are so thrilled to be here we don't mind the rain at all," she told me.

LORD ALPORT sat in the tea tent eating cake, and every time SIR CLYDE HEWLETT dived for cover he had to stop and shake hands. That morning Sir Clyde had been elected chairman of the Executive Committee of the Conservative Party's National Union. LORD & LADY MANCROFT sheltered under a big tree.

Also there were Mr. DAVID BRUCE, the American Ambassador, & Mrs. BRUCE, Mr. & Mrs. PETER STOTT, Mrs. GEOFFREY HOWE, Mr. & Mrs. PATRICK GORDON WALKER, SIR HAROLD & LADY SHEARMAN, LORD & LADY CARRINGTON, LADY MACDONALD, wife of the New Zealand High Commissioner, and Mr. T. C. R. SHEPHERD & DAME MARGARET SHEPHERD.

Much thought and trouble goes into the choice of clothes for Royal Garden Parties. The weather sets me wondering anew why more wet thought is not given to footwear. Few women seem disposed to follow the lead of the Royal ladies and wear Cuban heels. Yet they are the only sort that are comfortable. Stiletto heels sink deep into the Palace lawns.

THE HOSTESSES IN SUSSEX

The Chichester Festival Theatre is a boon to entertaining in Sussex. Parties are built round it, so are week-ends. Right through until the end of the season all seats—the auditorium has 1,360—are booked for week-ends.

Some of the loveliest parties are given by the COUNTESS OF BESSBOROUGH. She and her

husband plan their after-theatre barbecues round the swimming pool with its soft blue water and surrounding statuary. At Bosham Mrs. HENRY GESTETNER gives beautifully planned suppers with interesting guests and superb food.

All Sussex turns out to the theatre. As well as those already mentioned I saw there recently Mr. TEDDY SMITH, the chairman, and his attractive wife who is a talented artist; COL. & Mrs. JAMES WILLOUGHBY; Mr. & Mrs. PHILIP WHITEHEAD; Mr. & Mrs. JAMES BATTERSBY; and Mr. L. E. EVERSLED-MARTIN. Though Patron, the DUKE OF NORFOLK has never been a keen theatre-goer, but his wife and daughters and their guests are regular visitors.

THE ACTOR AND THE INDUSTRIALIST

SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER and his wife were both there, he managing to look calm in the midst of collecting friends at the station, having a business discussion in the restaurant, and going backstage to discuss a changed interval—all three in the space of less than 15 minutes. Sir Laurence—busy also with the National Theatre's London affairs—is to resign as director of the Chichester Festival Theatre at Christmas. He will be succeeded by Mr. JOHN CLEMENTS.

Chichester as a theatre goes from strength to strength with its chairman, Mr. Teddy Smith, bringing the urge and vision of the successful industrialist to the whole thing. Membership has steadily gone up and is now 5,800. It is hoped eventually to have club accommodation, for which there is already a large sum of money on account.

The celebrity luncheons which are open to both members and their friends take place in the club's oak-panelled dining-room. The next luncheon in the series, to-morrow, is to be addressed by the DUCHESS OF BEDFORD, and ANDREW CRUIKSHANK, of *Dr. Finlay's Casebook* fame, speaks on 19 October.

THE VITAL NOVELIST

"If wives snap at their husbands it is largely due to deficiency in Vitamin B—with more Vitamin B you would find that you could say, 'Darling you are wonderful,' and that the words would come naturally."

So counselled novelist Miss BARBARA CARTLAND at a luncheon at the Cowdray Club in Cavendish Square. Miss Cartland said that people are losing their vitality because they are not taking enough care to avoid foods that are full of chemicals. "You put a tiger—or whatever it is—in your tank when you fill up with petrol, but you fill your lovely bodies with food that makes you feel tired and miserable," she said. After lunch Miss Cartland had a whole lot of vitamin packs distributed to guests, who grabbed them eagerly despite their startled expressions.

THE UNCLUBBABLE ENGLISH WOMEN

The luncheon was the first of a series of celebrity luncheons being put on at Cowdray. Though English women become less interested in social clubs—there were 26 in London in 1932 and only a handful remain to-day—the Cowdray is flourishing with over 5,000 members. The chairman is Miss SYLVIA GRAY, the Cotswold hotelier, and the majority of members are professional women.

THE BATTLE COMMEMORATOR

There is no basking in the success of her Waterloo Ball at the Law Courts for LADY PARKER OF WADDINGTON, American-born wife of the Lord Chief Justice, who is now busy laying plans for the Battle of Hastings Ball. "That Britain has not been conquered for 900 years is certainly something to shout about," explains Lady Parker. The ball is to be in London in October next year. The place has not yet been decided but I have no doubt that Lady Parker will persuade some curator to lend a splendid edifice for the evening.

THE BATTLE PERPETUATOR

A National Army Museum is planned which is to be somewhat revolutionary inside. There will be no stairs and visitors will walk along a series of imperceptible ramps which will take them past all the exhibits. The Museum is to be built in the grounds of the Royal Hospital in Chelsea, better known as the home of the Chelsea Pensioners.

It will consist of a valuable collection of weapons, trophies, mementoes and pictures, illustrating 300 years of the Army's history, and be the military counterpart of the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich.

Moving spirit behind the whole idea is FIELD MARSHAL SIR GERALD TEMPLER who, after two years of persuasion, secured the site for a Museum. The Hospital authorities wanted to sell it to a property company. The Treasury is to pay for the Museum's upkeep, but all building costs have to be covered by public subscription. Over £350,000 has already been promised.

THE RETREATING FIELD MARSHAL

After all those invitations to celebrate victorious battles of long ago I have now just had a unique invitation. It is to celebrate a retreat. The Swiss tourist authorities have asked me to ride over the Alps with half a dozen others. It is to be part of the celebrations of the "Year of the Alps" and is to commemorate the retreat of Field Marshal Suvaroff in 1798. For three weeks Suvaroff and his men were fighting in the Alps. During the period 1,600 were killed in battle, froze or fell to their death amid rocks and ravines. Though Suvaroff had many victories, historians regard his march through the Alps as his most famous military exercise and more noteworthy than Hannibal's.

The ride is to be undertaken on Icelandic ponies, noted for being sure-footed. Riders will climb through the 6,750ft. high Kinzig Pass, cross covered wooden bridges and sail, with their horses, over lakes during the 14 days ride. For the most part riders and horses will be on Roman paths and Alpine passes not accessible to motor cars.

THE SOCIAL REGISTER

We shall be publishing our list of private dances on 1 September. Any changes of dates of dances already announced should reach me before 7 August if they are to be included in the list. There will also be photographs of girls having coming-out dances in the latter part of the year in that issue. Pictures for consideration should also reach me by 7 August.

Party with planes

A light aircraft and a helicopter flew in with some of the guests when Mrs. David Turville Constable Maxwell gave a dance for her debutante daughter Marcia

at Bosworth Hall, Husbands Bosworth, near Rugby. Mr. David Constable Maxwell is himself a flying enthusiast with his own private landing ground and hangar

Leaving the party by air, Miss Sally Ann Vigors, Mr. Charles Richard Fairey and Mrs. Tim Vigors. The Piper Comanche in which they travelled is owned by Mr. Tim Vigors

Miss Marcia Turville Constable Maxwell, for whom the party was given



Mr. Nicholas Bourke and Miss Sophie Brooke, daughter of Mr. Humphrey Brooke, secretary of the Royal Academy



Mrs. Christopher Constable Maxwell, daughter-in-law of the hosts, and Viscount Woolmer, heir to the Earl of Selborne



The Hon. Elizabeth Gretton, daughter of Lord Gretton

Letter from Scotland

by Jessie Palmer



PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN

Princess Grace of Monaco (top) attended a ballet matinée at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, in aid of the Sunshine Fund for Blind Babies and Young People: chairman of the matinée committee was Lady Irene Astor (above). In the foyer Mr. Frank Powell (centre) in his splendid theatre livery explained some of the Drury Lane history to Miss Caron Blundell, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Charles Blundell, and Miss Julie Woolston of the Kilburn School of Dancing, two of the programme Sellers for the charity performance. Others who attended included the Duchess of Fife, The Comtesse D'Aillières, Lady George Scott and Lady Sassoon

Every year the Earl and Countess of Mar and Kellie give a party for young people at their home, Alloa House, Alloa. Their guests, not personally known by their host and hostess, are drawn from youth clubs and organizations within a 12 mile radius of Alloa House. This year about 20 young people and ten adults came to the buffet supper party and everyone had a wonderful time—not least Lady Mar and Kellie herself who enjoys meeting young people and hearing their views on any subject.

"It was great fun listening to them—and watching them listening to each other," she told me. Subjects discussed included the award of the M.B.E. to the Beatles. The young view: "There should be a special medal for entertainers." They also considered what sort of punishment they would mete out to train wreckers if they were on the bench. Their verdict: "The offenders should be made to work in hospitals where they could see what happens to the victims of train wrecking." A practical attitude full of common sense.

Then Lady Mar asked four young people who have given outstanding community service either in Scotland or abroad to talk to the other guests. There were games as well, and the party was a great success for both generations. "One of the sad things nowadays," Lady Mar said to me, "is that so seldom do young people get a chance to meet older people in their own homes and not just in institutions. They should have a chance to talk with each other and not just at or about each other."

Lady Mar tells me that holidays are in the offing soon for the family. "We're going to Orkney for the first time," she said. "The children are all wildly excited about it. So we're hoping for good weather—and lots of picnics."

These dancing times

Miss Veronica Bruce was, as she put it, "right bang in the middle" of her residential ballet school when I rang her recently at her home, Glenerner Estate, Dunphail, near Forres. With over 20 ballet students in the house it was not surprising that "everyone was dancing about everywhere." Miss Bruce, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Robert Bruce, runs a residential ballet school for a fortnight every year at Glenerner; the rest of the year she runs the Cygnet Ballet School in Forres.

During the second week of the school the students—and a number of outside guest dancers—give public performances in the small theatre on the estate. This year's guest dancers included five from the Glasgow Theatre Ballet and the audiences saw *Coppelia*; a new ballet called *The Catalyst* for which Jim Hastie was choreographer (he was up at Dunphail for the school having just returned from an American

tour); and *Etude*, a series of ballet studies to Bach's music, devised by Miss Bruce herself. The guest dancer in this was Roma Heritage who came over from Paris for the occasion.

Turning on the heat

Miss Bruce tells me she is hoping to design a ballet for next year with a Scottish theme—if possible a Morayshire legend. "But I don't know yet what it will be," she said. "I shall have to do some research." There is always a children's ballet on the programme and this year's was also new. Called *The Birth of a Dance*, it was designed by Miss Bruce with music specially written for it by a local composer, Miss Win Mitchell.

Since last season Miss Bruce has made considerable extensions to her theatre backstage. "Now I want to get some heat into it so that I can use it all the year round," she told me. Having launched a children's theatre fairly recently she feels that this matter of heat is now more urgent than ever. What with theatre and ballet one would expect Miss Bruce to have quite enough to occupy her time, but she always seems ready to take on just one more assignment. This time it's producing *Iolanthe* for the Nairn Opera Company. It isn't being presented until the spring of next year but by September Miss Bruce will be hard at work on rehearsals.

And the band played on

Dupplin Castle, the Perthshire home of Lord and Lady Forteviot, was the setting for a wine and cheese party held in aid of their funds by the Perthshire branch of the King George's Fund for Sailors. Lady Forteviot is herself a member of the committee of the Fund; the chairman is Vice-Admiral Sir Edmund Anstice, K.C.B., and Rear-Admiral Harvey Crombie, C.B., D.S.O., is the indefatigable treasurer on whom much of the organizing of the party devolved. (Admiral Crombie told me proudly that he and his wife are now grandparents; their daughter, Mrs. Simon Younger of Haddington, East Lothian, having recently presented them with their first grandson.)

There were more than 200 guests at the party and about £400 was raised. Unfortunately the weather wasn't sufficiently good for the guests to enjoy the castle's beautiful grounds but everybody seemed to have a very happy time indoors and the Royal Marine Band helped to give the correct nautical flavour—musically—to the proceedings.

A picture of the *Implacable*, painted by the marine artist Col. Harold Wyllie, and given by him to be auctioned at the party, raised over £100. It went to the Rev. Michael Hunt of Auchterarder. He can claim at least some association with the navy—he did his national service in it!

First night party

The Russian Ambassador, M. Soldatov, his country's Minister of Culture Madame Furtseva, and Miss Jennie Lee, the Minister with special responsibility for the arts in Britain,

were among the distinguished guests who attended a reception to honour members of the Bolshoi Ballet on the opening night of their appearance at the Royal Festival Hall

Madame Soldatova, wife of the Russian Ambassador, Madame Furtseva and her host in Britain, Miss Jennie Lee, who will herself be visiting Russia in September



Textile magnate Sir Nicholas Sekers, who has his own theatre at Rosehill, Northumberland

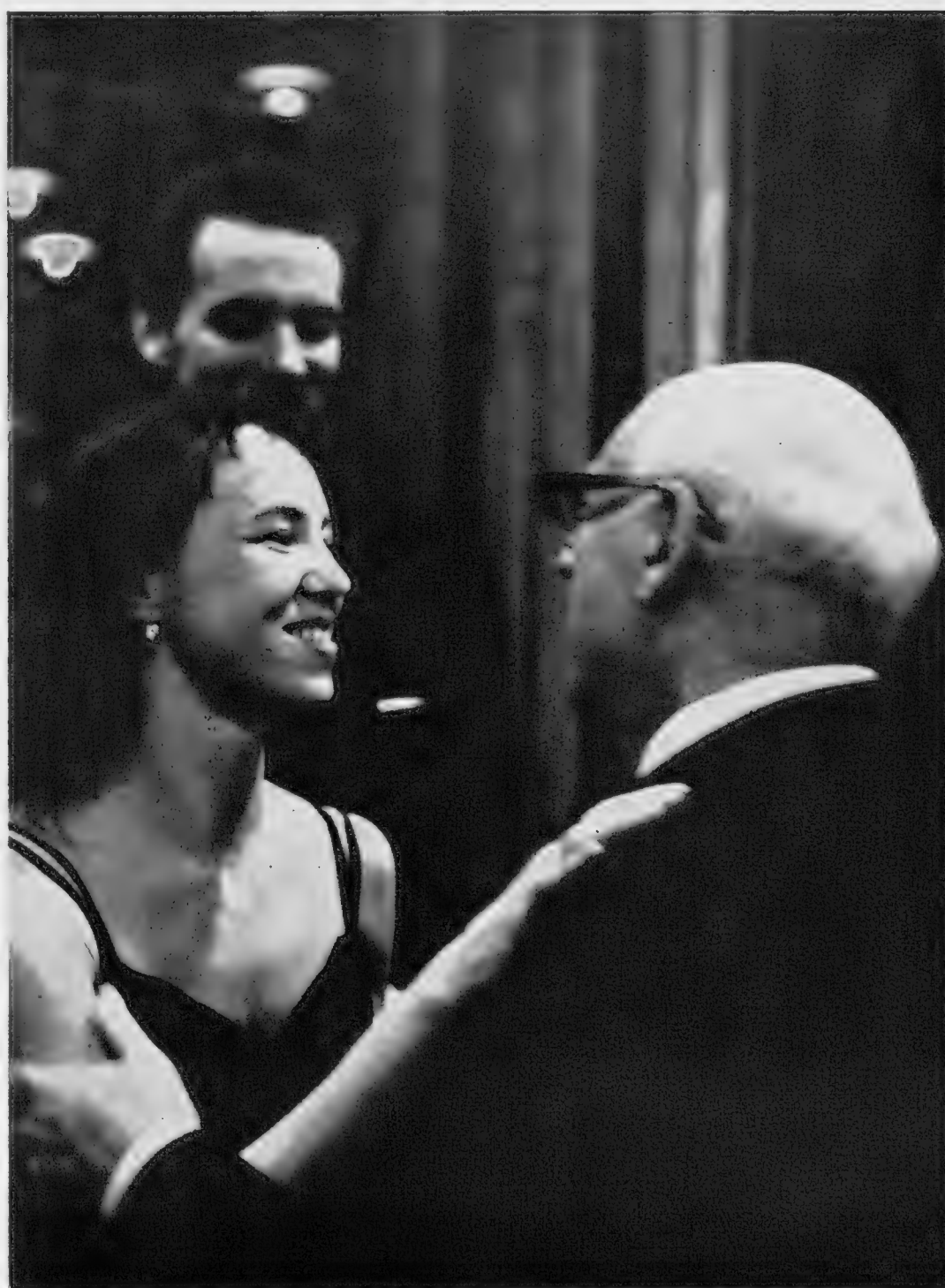


The Russian Ambassador and his wife. In the centre background is Mlle. A. Butrova

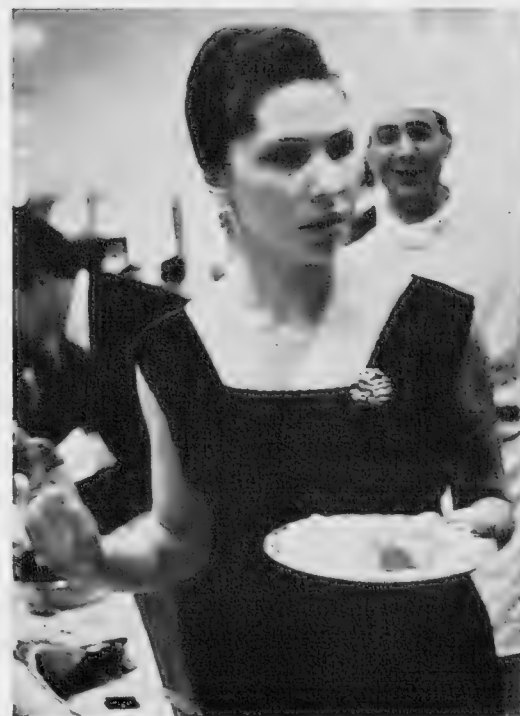


Mrs. Audrey Denison, wife of the new general manager of the Royal Festival Hall, and Dame Marie Rambert

Mlle. Marina Kondratieva and M. Maris Liepa, two of the Bolshoi principals, with Mr. Sol Hurok



Mlle. A. Butrova, of the Russian party, and Mr. & Mrs. Jack Lyons



Bolshoi principal Mlle Rimma Karelskaya

The heading is not to be taken too literally. It isn't an invitation to instant inebriation but a review by Pamela Vandyke Price of some of those charmingly simple regional wines remembered with pleasure from holiday travels

There can be few wine merchants whose hearts don't sink when a tanned traveller bursts enthusiastically into their shop with an account of a wonderful wine drunk in some out-of-the-way resort, which simply *must* be imported specially for the enjoyment of family and friends. Nine times out of ten, the merchant well knows, the consignment will arrive, after a lot of complications, to be brought back with indignant comments that it doesn't taste the same. It is not necessarily that the wine is bad or even that, in the well-worn phrase, "it won't travel"—modern methods of vinification have done away with this problem when the wine is worth sending on its travels at all. But the blossom-canopied terrace in a dry atmosphere with the morning temperature soaring to the 90's is a completely different setting from the wet or foggy evening when a stiff cocktail is necessary to enable the company to thaw and relax after a day's work and the rush hour. The wine doesn't taste the same because the drinkers, the scene and the circumstances are quite different. If a really good wine is not already being imported by at least one of our shrewd and knowledgeable shippers, then there's usually some very good reason. Either not enough is produced to make it worth while exporting, because supplies cannot be adequately maintained, or the care and expense involved would make it impossible to sell such a "little" wine in Britain at other than a "big" price. Because wine is made to make glad the heart, wines that are chosen for holiday consumption should above all be those that inspire gaiety rather than portentous pronouncements. In other words, ask the wine waiter, the hotel owner, or even the garage hand what he chooses for his own enjoyment on an evening party. The very circumstance that they may not be the sort of wines recommended to you by the immaculate sommelier at home in the city is good; pleasant surprises can result. The preference for very dry wines when the workaday palate needs brisk stimulation may be abandoned to the charm of a softer, yes, almost sweet wine, refreshing after the fatigues of a sunny day but not too sweet to go with good food when one has not previously been quaffing quantities of spirits. The same applies to the semi-sweet sparkling wines, such as good Asti Spumante, which are delicious when drunk in the context of sun, Italian food and scenery, perhaps just with an ice-cream; or the *vins doux naturels* of Languedoc, for which no real place seems to exist in the routine of life in Britain, but which are perfect "between times" drinks when one's drinking habits are not too strictly adjusted to the licensing laws. Try the *vins doux* of Maury or Rivesaltes, if you are near Carcassonne or in the Roussillon near Collioure, and, if possible, sample a bottle whose label bears the word *rancio*, or *Rasteau*, or *Muscat de Frontignan* in the Rhône valley or Provence. In any wine-producing area there tend to be hotels and restaurants that buy direct

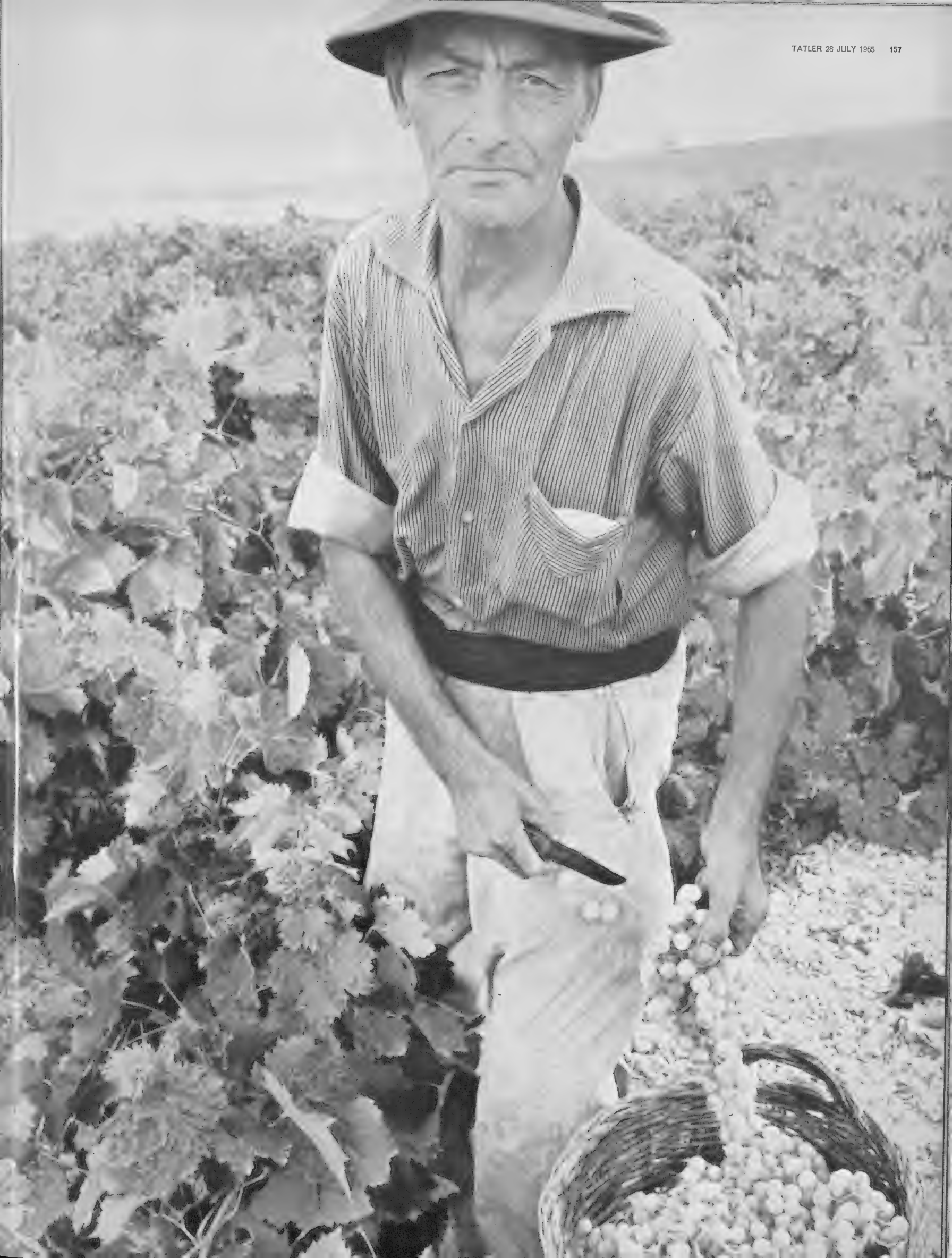


from the owner of the vineyard and this is the kind of wine that can be well worth while trying. You are unlikely to get a very great wine but you may well get an extremely good one, for it will not have been worth the producer's while to do anything but assist his vines to produce the best within their power. I first tasted the historic "black wine" of Cahors in this way. The producer of a particular wine in this category, which is called "old man's milk," on account of its supposed great recuperative powers, belongs to a family who have owned the same vineyards for just under a thousand years. "And we prefer," he says, "to be the first of the V.D.Q.S. wines (*vins délimités de qualité supérieur*) rather than just one among the A.O.C. (*Appellation d'Origine Contrôlée*)."

The Italian with the small vineyard may, hardly knowing why, make his wine in a particular way that will surprise and delight the appreciative tourist. Then there are the wines that, like certain regional foods, ought to be tried on the spot—and either cherished as a memory or maybe merely put down to experience. I count the dark red *vinho verde*, of Portugal's green wine country, that exploded all over me in Lisbon airport, in the latter category, but the red Dôle, odd man out among the white wines of Switzerland, the red hock of Assmanshausen, the variety of Luxembourg wines, the wines of Morocco, Sicily, Malta and Greece merit slightly more attention on the spot. The finer wines that are not produced in sufficient quantity to warrant being exported are the bottles to choose for the slightly special occasion. There are wines from Chile, South Africa, Australia, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria that will never be on sale in Britain. We know these countries mainly because of their good medium and cheap wines, but they produce wines of distinction and great interest for consumption within their own frontiers. I am even assured that this is true of the U.S.S.R. and one has only to hope that this may be so, for frankly I must admit that the quality of such Russian wines as I have been able to taste in Great Britain has been indifferent. But to try an Australian port-type wine, from the Hunter River region, never affected by the phylloxera, so that, by now, the wines should be assuming the character of the sort of drink our ancestors might have enjoyed, or a South African wine from the Cape, made as in certain European vineyards when these were young—this could be a wonderful experience. Wines that are sold in this

country at low prices, being bottled over here and shipped in bulk, take on additional character and dignity when they are bottled where they are made, such as some of the Spanish, Italian and Portuguese wines. It would not be worth while drinking them, as estate-bottled wines, in Britain, but no lover of wine should neglect the opportunity of trying them on the spot. The most important reason of all for trying wines of the country on their home ground is economic. Thanks to our wine shippers and merchants, it is still possible to buy wines in the finer ranges at lower prices in Britain than in all but exceptional circumstances elsewhere. In a few of the classic wine areas, the great wines do exist, of course, but they are more likely to be in private cellars or on the lists of the really top-class restaurants—for which one pays anyway—than in the more ordinary eating places or in a shop, for the wine merchant, as we understand the term, is unique to Great Britain. Elsewhere you either buy from a broker, a grocer or general store, or direct from the grower. The bargains on the spot are, first and most important, all wines that are estate-bottled, especially the older vintages. In Burgundy, Bordeaux and Champagne the prices may still be very high, but at least you can get the rarities. Elsewhere, their prices will be within the possibility of everyday expenditure. For example, the "yellow wine" of Château-Chalon and the "straw wine" of the Jura are far above the everyday price range in Britain but, though not cheap in their own region, they can be afforded by those interested. A really fine, old vintage estate-bottled Spanish wine simply isn't an economic proposition here when you may have to pay 17s. 6d. for it, but for 7s.-10s. it is to be preferred to the sort of commercial wine one can try anywhere. Similarly, with the great Italian wines, Barolo, the rare Cinque Terre (the vintagers have to hang on cradles over the cliff to pick the grapes), and the delicate wines of the Castelli Romani, the traveller can go into the higher price ranges on the list without wiring home for more money. The same is true of the fortified wines. Strange as it may seem, you will not find old vintage ports all over Portugal—vintage port is a triumph of the vintners' art created for the British market—but you will be able to try for a shilling or so a glass of the sort of fine old tawny that would cost several shillings in Britain; you can see whether you like drinking sherry all through a meal, as C. W. Berry once did, for in and around Jerez it is not only cheap but always available in half bottles. And just as there are certain small pleasures traditionally associated with holidays, so wines may be too: the brand of "sekt", the German sparkling wine, with happy personal associations, the Austrian wine that recalls the mountain meadows, the Malaga, Marsala, Alicante or Muscadet that is an essential part of a visit to a loved country, peculiar to a time and a place. For me, the Kaefferkopf of Alsace is a wine I might almost refrain from drinking anywhere else, so much is it a part of my first visit to that lovely countryside, and so inevitably associated with happy times there.

Opposite: the vintage in Jerez



TRAVELLERS' TABLES

Graham Attwood presents a gallery of six good restaurants photographed on a journey through Holland and Belgium. The choice is arbitrary but representative of each country's haute cuisine and they share a link in serving food that travellers will long remember



Left: *The Delta Hotel at Vlaardingen stands on the Maas near Rotterdam, less than 20 minutes from the Hook and only slightly more than that from the Hague. The many-windowed restaurant is on a balcony over the river so you can eat your Homard Thermidor or Canard à l'Orange while watching the big ships sail by—some 30,000 of them use the port in the course of a year. Coffee and liqueurs can be taken in the aptly-named Crow's Nest five floors up. The Delta menu is large, the food splendidly prepared and served. The wine cellar is described as a sanctuary*

Right: *Au Filet de Boeuf in Brussels is one of Europe's most famous restaurants. It stands in the Rue des Harengs just a stone's throw from the Grand Palace, and though not large, in some way manages to cultivate the illusion of space. The restaurant has been featured in good food guides for many years and has a history dating from 1785, before revolutions became fashionable. Specialities of the house include Homard au Champagne and Caneton au Bigarreaux*



Au Gourmet Sans Chique has the kind of ambience that its name implies. The tables are simple, the cloths checked, your coffee is made at a sideboard in the room and the menu hasn't changed basically in 34 years. And all that being said, it is also a place that mustn't be missed if you find yourself in Antwerp's Vestingstraat. The fish is freshly caught—specialities are *Truite Meunière* and *Truite au Bleu*—there are oysters too and the foie gras of Strasbourg. But book your table, the demand is immense



Opposite Page: *Restaurant Saur* is in the Hague and is famed for its fish. There, the blue trout is smothered in almonds and is superb. The restaurant is less than five miles from the fish quays and buyers meet the fleet as it docks. The picture was taken in the kitchens when the morning's fresh fish was being decorated for the display. Try also the Ardennes ham among the hors d'oeuvres

Amsterdam's *Bali* restaurant is in Liedsestraat in the very centre of the city. *Bali* has been for long one of the city's favourite restaurants and it is essential to make a reservation though some devotees have been known to wait one and a half hours in the bar for a table. The menu is Indonesian and the *Rijstafel* or *Rice Table*—The Works as they call it at the *Bali*—consists of no fewer than 32 dishes including such exotics as fried coconut, shrimp bread, vegetables in peanut sauce and stuffed omelette. Demand for this two-hour meal has been so great that there is now a branch in Paris





The city of Liège lies in the shadow of the Ardennes. There Mr. Paul Jacquet presides over the Chapon Fin in the Grand Hotel des Boulevards. Chapon Fin is a restaurant in the grand manner and a huge certificate attests to "ses hautes connaissances gastronomiques." The quality of food and service at Chapon Fin induces a feeling of well-being and peace. Liège is a busy city and it is a relief to be inside the restaurant watching the activity through its windows. While there try the Tournedos au truffes fraîches





Fashion
by Unity Barnes

This is the turn of the fashion season, the moment when a calm descends on the shops after the stormy days of the sales, and the windows fill up with fresh, forward-looking clothes to tempt us all over again. These are the go-betweens—the light, adaptable little dresses and suits that go easily between holidays and a working routine, between late summer sun and the first crisp morning of autumn. Photographs by ANTHONY KENT

GO BETWEENS

Left: Honey-toned lacy tweed dress, casually straight and loose, held lightly by a leather tie belt. Country Life, 19 gns. at The Scotch House; Tissiman, Bishop's Stortford; Roderick Tweedie, Stratford-on-Avon.
Right: Out-of-school gymslip of a dress in red and green plaid wool, over a green wool blouse frilled at the neck; black leather belt has a purse attached. A Susan Small Trendsetter, 19 gns. at Bourne & Hollingsworth; to order from Rackhams, Birmingham.





Left: Greengage and cream coloured suit in knitted wool, breaking into crochet around the edges. Rima Casuals, 32½ gns. at Huppert; Dust, Bedford; Rothstones, Wilmslow. **Right:** Terylene and wool dress in smoky grey chequered with plum, a bias-cut bodice overlapping the straight skirt. Hardy Amies Ready to Wear, 25½ gns. at Gorrings; Hilda Hanson, Nottingham; Vogue, Cambridge.





Left: Black and white wool dress marked out with sharp white piqué, black patent belt, shiny black buttons. Miss Dorville. 14½ gns. available 12 August at Dickins & Jones; Olive Walton, Moseley; Vogue, Cambridge.
Right: black and white herringbone tweed suit, unlined, with a floppy black cravat looped under the collar. Dereta, 10½ gns. at D. H. Evans; Thornton-Varley, Hull. Natural angora and wool turban by Moriot, £3 19s. 11d. at Harrods.





Left: Grey, black and white herringbone tweed dress, the skirt pleated for movement below a long, straight bodice. By Fredrica "Sugar & Spice," 12½ gns. available mid-August at Galeries Lafayette; Vogue, Cambridge; Taylor, St. Annes on Sea. Black chenille tam-o'-shanter by Moriot, 4 gns. at Marshall & Snelgrove. **Right:** Navy blue flannel dress, squared at the neck, with an inset scarlet hipband circled by a white leather belt. Avantgarde, 10 gns. at Woollands.



THE LOAF OF BREAD AND JUG OF WINE GAME —or how to take the wilderness out of picnics

Counterspy by Angela Ince
Photograph by Tony Evans



Chair and table are part of a set of four chairs and a table that fold away into a suitcase shape, £7 9s. 6d., from Harrods. On the table, an extra large Thermos jar, £5 12s. 3d., John Lewis; Insulex cup with a saucer large enough to take food, 9s.; Coleman insulated box to keep food hot or cold, £10 19s.; two unbreakable mugs, 5s., and matching jug, 22s. 6d., all from Harrods. Black and white tweed insulated bag, £1 9s. 11d., and two Insulex mugs, 6s. 6d. each, both from John Lewis. On the floor, from left: pale blue fitted insulated case, one side holding dishes and cutlery, the other for food, £7 19s. 6d., Harrods. Portable barbecue that takes crumpled newspaper for fuel, £2 2s. 6d.; in front of it, pink and white vacuum jug, £2 8s. 8d., both from Heal's. Behind the barbecue, drink case containing glasses and a rack for bottles, £9 2s. 6d., Harrods. Large Thermos jar with three separate containers that pack inside, £7 19s. 8d., Harrods. Striped insulated bag, £2 9s. 6d., Heal's. Wickerwork hamper, fully equipped for six, £41 17s. 6d., Harrods



UNPROFESSIONAL PROFESSIONALS

The Western Theatre Ballet is unprofessional only in the sense that it is non-conformist and that its members show a rare independence, all of which makes for an exciting mixture. The music they dance is different too. Artistic director Peter Darrell, co-founder of the company in 1957 with the late Elizabeth West, has choreographed ballets to Bartok, Debussy and the Beatles; other ballets are done to Hindemith, Berg, Milhaud and Dudley Moore. Darrell, seen right at rehearsal with dancers Robin Haig, Barrie Wilkinson and Sean Bartley, was once advised to give up dancing and choreography since he was too unmusical. Now his ballet, *Houseparty*, commissioned by BBC 2, has been nominated as their official entry for the Prix Italia. Muriel Large (top far right) is general manager with Laverne Meyer (bottom far right) as assistant director and ballet master. He is also one of the company's most distinguished artists. The tiny company of 14 dancers, ranked fourth in the country, tours Britain producing work rarely seen in the West End. They first gained critical recognition in Europe and next year they hope to return to America and also tour the Caribbean. Their current English tour includes Birmingham, Leicester, and Nottingham. Earlier this month they opened a new theatre, the Swan, at Worcester



on plays

John Salt / The conscience of the king



In remote districts, it is said, the simple virtues linger longest, those of courage, virtue, duty and honour. Such a claim has been made for the Border. Mr. John Arden takes us to the region in his latest play, **Armstrong's Last Goodbye**, in the National Theatre Production at Chichester. The period is early 16th century in the salad days of James V of Scotland when it speedily appears that the simple virtues of his Border subjects are close allied to the basic vices of rapine, treachery and murder. The whole is overlaid by a coverlet of power politics most modern to behold, embracing as it does the whole pattern of diplomacy from compromise to cold war, from detente to death in a wet wood at a rope's end.

Power in a quasi-medieval State the like of Scotland then, would normally reside in the hands of a warrior king but James is heir to an unlucky estate, a land still shattered by the Flodden disaster that killed his father and mowed down the flowers of the forest. Also he is only 17 and still in statu pupillari to his chief adviser, the devious poet-statesman, Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, nobly played by Mr. Robert Stephens. Even now the English Commissioners are in the capital to negotiate—say dictate—the terms of a lasting peace. But the raiding and rieving activities of the Border Scots into English territory stick in the honest gullets of the Tudor emissaries and Lindsay is despatched by the King to treat with the bandit chieftain, John Armstrong of Gilmockie.

We are told that the Armstrong is vassal to Lord Maxwell, a feudal lord unfriendly to the King. Armstrong himself has just arranged the despatch by dirk and gully knife of James Johnstone of Wamphray a kinsman of Lord Johnstone who is unfriendly both to the King and Lord Maxwell aforementioned. All of which may appear a little confusing as undoubtedly it is. Mr. Arden has likened the situation to that obtaining in the Congo. To my mind the murder of Wamphray resembles more closely the ritual of the Mafia which provides that you kill your enemy on a full stomach and when he is least expecting it.

Confusion also reigns in the matter of dialogue. The acous-

tics at Chichester are not the best in the world but even given that, it is not easy to follow Mr. Arden's rambling and poetic style delivered in the Broad Lowland Scots of three centuries back. The Armstrong moreover is afflicted by a speech impediment which makes Mr. Albert Finney at times unintelligible. Admittedly there is a henchman who translates his chieftain's remarks and later the laird is restored to a more fluent Doric after a tumble in the heather with a lady of the court, Lindsay's erstwhile mistress, played most spiritedly by Miss Geraldine McEwan.

The play historical exercises for the dramatist a fascination that is rarely less than fatal. Armstrong is not Mr. Arden's first venture in the medium, his *Left Handed Liberty*, a play commissioned to mark the 750th anniversary of Magna Carta, is currently at the Mermaid Theatre in London. But Mr. Arden's practice has not made perfect. *Armstrong* remains an unwieldy play that staggers at times under a weight of rhetoric and falters at others into sub-Ophelian whimsy. But fairly it should be said that the play is consistently entertaining on the adventure story level and that it does capture quite magically a sense of period.

Authentic too is Arden's portrait of the dilemma of the King. James passes from boy to man during the course of the play but his majority is only accomplished by the judicial murder of his subject, Armstrong. The Border chieftain goes far before the conscience of the King is fully aroused. His second murder, that of Lindsay's secretary, Alexander McGlass, finally turns the trick. James sends fraternal greetings to Armstrong and entraps him after promise of safe conduct. Justice is swift, the riever swings from a tree. The bold Armstrong is dead, who held himself an honest man for all his violence and murder. It says much for Albert Finney that he can convey the dual nature of the chieftain though I would not say that Armstrong is truly his part. Ronald Pickup is a credible King, fearful and confident in about equal measure, but the evening's honours on this occasion go to Frank Wylie as McGlass, a striding player if ever I saw one.



DOUGLAS JEFFERY

Peter Blythe and Eric Portman in Pauline Macaulay's thriller *The Creeper* at the St. Martin's Theatre

on films

Elsbeth Grant/ From an idea by Harold Wilson

The Boulting Brothers' **Rotten To The Core** (U) opens with a series of still, silent and rather unkind candid camera shots of Mr. Harold Wilson—mouth ajar, mostly, and arms outflung in the haranguing politician's typical gesture. Ho hum, one thought—the Brothers are going to have a bash at the Government this time. Alas, no.

Mr. Wilson is simply there because a speech of his on the importance of a scientific approach to all problems is quoted and endorsed by an enterprising young crook. I don't think the Boultings are getting at him for having put dangerous ideas into the heads

of the criminal classes—indeed, for once, they don't seem to be getting at anyone or anything. There's neither shrewd social comment nor the sting of satire in their latest comedy—it's strictly for fun.

Anton Rodgers, a young actor new to me, gives a most accomplished and versatile performance as "the Duke"—an elegant rascal, whose aplomb is enormous and whose refined accent rarely slips to show his Cockney origin. He is the mastermind behind a robbery as meticulously planned as the G. T. R.—the snatch of a million-pound Army payroll in transit from a railway station to a bank. He's the

wide boy, who never goes to jail—his gulls are the thick boys, Dudley Sutton, Kenneth Griffith and James Beckett (each a dear little individual character study of gemlike brilliance) who have taken the rap for him time after time but are still willing to go along with him on this new venture. ("He's a real trier, isn't he?" says Mr. Griffith, bursting with admiration.)

Charlotte Rampling, ideally cast as a kick-seeking deb who's mad about the Duke, has no difficulty in wheedling vital information—time of payroll's arrival, strength of escort to be provided, and so on—from the susceptible lieutenant responsible for the money's safe delivery. Ian Bannen, whom I hadn't thought of as a comedian, is beautifully bone-headed in the part. When, in plodding innocence, he describes the married quarters at Aldershot to which he'd like to take the girl of his choice, I could cry with Miss Rampling "Swoonsville"—though the vernacular of the young is foreign to me.

Miss Rampling deserves a note on her own. She is the modern, with-it Miss incarnate, has the figure for Quant clothes, a cool, crisp manner and the ready disdain and confident air of one who has long since learned the knack of putting parents and similar squares in their places. Whether she can play other roles remains to be seen—this is her first film—but she's worth keeping an eye on.

Eric Sykes is endearingly subdued and put upon by circumstances as a flat footed ex-copper turned private eye whose belief in the impenetrability of the disguises he assumes is woefully misplaced. Thorley Walters is simply splendid as an inordinately vain police chief (the skill with which he transforms a minor part into an eye-catcher must surely be admired, even if direction has something to do with it), and Avis Bunnage makes a formidable figure of the tough matron in charge of the health clinic that serves as a respectable front for the Duke's activities. This, by the way, is a jolly establishment where the patients are kept in a blissful state of sedation by the simple expedient of lacing the pump room water with lashings of gin.

The robbery is carried out in style—not precisely as planned but, thanks to the Duke's genius for improvisation, with such success that even the more law-abiding will feel the gang should be allowed to get

away scot free and live happily ever after on the loot. It's not like the Boultings to accept and echo such a hoary and by now discredited maxim as "crime doesn't pay"—but here they do. They even go to the lengths of introducing a military tank to make the point as weightily as possible.

John Boulting's direction is as brisk as the complicated plot allows, his visual gags are hilarious and the inevitable pursuit sequence a riot. It's less his fault than the script-writers' that the fun flags here and there: never, I hasten to say, when Mr. Rodgers is on the screen. He's as neat as a pin in everything he does and his incidental impersonations of a City gentleman, a smooth doctor (patronizing patients at the clinic as if all Harley Street were behind him), a German general and a high-up from M.I.5 are masterly.

"Aren't there *any* normal Swedes?" asked my little companion at the end of **Loving Couples** (X)—a decidedly curious film directed, with considerable talent, by Mai Zetterling, the Swedish actress, and written by her and her husband, David Hughes. My feeling is that Miss Zetterling is a victim of the guilt complex I seemed to discern in her countryman, Ingmar Bergman; her account of Swedish morals and mores in 1915 could quite possibly be construed as an apologia. Why should we have expected the Swedes to behave gallantly in World War II if they were going on with such a blind disregard of anything but their own pleasure in World War I? Is that what Miss Zetterling is saying? It rather looks like it.

Three women, about to give birth to babies, separately recall incidents from their past lives. The flashbacks are often confusing and almost consistently somewhat staggering, embracing as they do memories of lesbianism at a school where even the mistresses thrill at the sight of dogs coupling, male homosexuality and free-for-all fornication at the traditional midsummer celebrations in 1914, when each of the three succumbed to the sex appeal of men they could not marry.

Harriet Andersson, a care-free nymphomaniac, Gio Petre, a trusting girl seduced by an elderly satyr, and Gunnel Lindblom, bitterly resenting the marriage of convenience forced upon her, give memorable performances—but I didn't care for the film's flavour. It's too intentionally gamey, if you know what I mean.

on books

Oliver Warner / The man who wasn't Premier

Lord Birkenhead's **Halifax** (Hamish Hamilton 63s.) will become the definitive biography of an Englishman of a rare type, and not found elsewhere. Aristocratic, wealthy, beloved in his family and by his friends, his life was rich both in experience and in high office. He won an All Souls Fellowship, and in later years he became Viceroy of India, Foreign Secretary, and wartime Ambassador to Washington. A strong, inherited love for the Anglican Church, and an equally lasting preference for country pursuits, hunting included, were ingredients in a character of charm and dignity, though to my own remembrance he had one of the saddest faces of any inwardly serene personality. This is a sympathetic biography of a man who deserved just such a memorial. All the same, Halifax does not emerge as one of the more compellingly interesting statesmen, and it is strange to be reminded that in the crisis of 1940 there was a choice of succession between Halifax and Churchill. Halifax's stomach turned over at the thought of supreme office at such a time, and this was just as well.

A shorter record, equally worth reading, is **Ponsonby Remembers**, by Sir Charles Ponsonby (Alden Press: Oxford 21s.). The author can look back on a life of almost unblemished happiness, and on experiences of countries and men that were even more diversified than those of the eminent Halifax. Ponsonby, during World War II, was for some time Parliamentary Private Secretary to Lord Avon, and I found his account of how the House of Commons works, in war and peace, fully as interesting as anything in the book. Happiness can, I suppose, be dull: it is not so in this case, and I can recommend this account without reserve.

It is good to welcome Nigel Buxton's **Travel in Europe** (Penguin and the *Sunday Telegraph*: 17s. 6d.) for it is a new and comprehensive work in which the principal virtue is brevity. There is everything a sophisticated tourist could reasonably want, and no waste space. I have had great hopes of this guide ever since the author propounded his aims to me one evening in the saloon of an ancient Swedish steamer heading up the Gulf of Finland, and they have not been dashed.

Still more concentrated in flavour is the **Julliard Guide to Paris** by Henri Gault and Christian Millau, translated by Angela Hughes (Studio Vista 30s.), with pink, green and mauve paper indicating different sections; pink covering such matters as cabarets and hotels, green full of restaurants, and yellow the rest, including museums, the river, and special shops. The guide appeared in France only last year, so text and translation are commendably up to date.

I can't leave the French sphere without mention of André Maurois' **The Silence of Colonel Bramble** and **The Discourses of Doctor O'Grady** (Bodley Head 21s.) This is a reprint in one neat volume of the two books of impressions of the British military character which were begun by Maurois just 50 years ago, when he was attached to a Scottish Division in World War I. Re-reading these sketches, I find them extremely ironic, for while the British—yes, British, seeing the mixed nature of the ingredients in the divisional messes—are held up to amused admiration, the Philistine content of many of their taboos sometimes comes across with sting.

Ivory by O. Beigbeder (Weidenfeld & Nicolson 30s.) belongs to a series called *Pleasures and Treasures* which already includes illustrated discourses on shells, clocks, tartans, model soldiers, and early cars. In this case the emphasis is on European ivories, the author being a leading French authority, and if anyone should be in the slightest doubt about the attraction of a material which has engaged exquisite artists over the centuries, the pictures alone should remove it. Our own London collections are specially rich in this field, and the Victoria & Albert Museum has yielded an exceptional number of examples of ivory carving at its most delightful.

If You Make a Noise I Can't See by Lucy Lunt (Gollancz 21s.) is for once quite rightly called "irresistible" by the publisher. It is about the care of blind children, an admirable exposition, by a professional, of how they should be given the happiness and confidence necessary to bring out all that is best in them. It is not sentimental in the slightest, but it is, on the other hand, moving and sensible, and every

word is worth while.

Briefly . . . The Prince in the Heather by Eric Linklater (Hodder & Stoughton 30s.) is the story of Prince Charles Stuart's escape after defeat in battle, traced step by step by a prince among narrative writers and with fine photographs of evocative places. . . . **Shrub Gardening for Flower Arrangement** by Sybil Emerton (Faber 30s.) pays proper attention both to colour grouping

and to flowering periods: a good book, though I should have resisted the colour frontispiece had I been the publisher. . . . And in case it seems that fiction is overlooked, there is diversion to be had from Jane Gaskell's crisp novel, **The Fabulous Heroine** (Hodder & Stoughton 16s.), that races through modern Fleet Street, the fun and games being of a kind that prudent mums don't usually care for.



Joan Crawford and John Barrymore (above) in a scene from MGM's 1933 version of *Grand Hotel*, now re-issued at the Empire, Leicester Square. Wallace Beery also appeared with Barrymore (below), John's brother Lionel, Greta Garbo and Lewis Stone in the Vicki Baum story



on records

Spike Hughes/The stereophonic curtain

The Russian MK label has recently issued its first couple of stereo recordings, a technical feat that will no doubt be duly entered in Soviet school books as another great Russian invention. At present the records seem to be stereo only; which is a pity, as those who don't like cluttering up the room with loudspeakers may be deprived of two most interesting performances. Rachmaninov, heaven knows, is hardly an unfamiliar composer; there are 24 available recordings of the Second Piano Concerto. But it is surprising and rather reprehensible how unfamiliar most—and some of the best—of his music is.

As one of their first stereo records MK have issued Rachmaninov's **Third Symphony in A Minor** played by the Moscow Radio Symphony Orchestra conducted by Svetlanov, which I find a most refreshing work—full of the composer's intensely personal music, with wonderful tunes and an undercurrent of inimitably Russian melancholy that never grew less with 25 years of exile.

The other MK stereo record is Shostakovich's **Twelfth**

Symphony, conducted by Mravinsky, which commemorates the October Revolution of 1917. This is a most exciting piece, noisy at times, but always interesting as music so that in the end it is all the same to the listener whether the composer was inspired by the idea of Lenin, a temperance rally or a Conservative Women's conference. Which is as it should be, for it is the only hope any composer has of interesting the non-committed listener in his work.

The issue of a recording in stereo only is still a comparatively rare practice in this country. It happened six years ago when RCA-Victor brought out Ponchielli's **La Gioconda** with no hint that a mono version might follow. Now, however, that recording has been released not only in mono form but on the cheaper Victrola label (three records), which strikes me as good economic sense. The performance, of course, is as rip-roaring as ever it was. Zinka Milanov in the title part, Giuseppe di Stefano, Rosalind Elias and Leonard Warren sing the opera for all it is worth. It is not great opera, or any-

thing like it; but its theatrical effectiveness and almost endless succession of superbly singable numbers are typical of those admirable first class operas with second class music in which the Italian repertoire is so healthily rich.

The London Wind Soloists directed by Jack Brymer, who recorded those five excellent volumes of Mozart's wind music, have now turned their attention to Beethoven with a Decca record (mono and stereo) called **Beethoven: Complete Music for Wind Band**. Once more the term "complete" as used by gramophone companies is highly equivocal, but since it contains all he wrote for wind groups of not more than eight players or fewer than five, it is certainly "complete" in that respect. The record includes one rare item—a Quintet that Beethoven left in a fragmentary form and which was reconstructed with intriguing skill nearly 40 years after the composer's death by a Herr L. A. Zellner, whose name does not appear in any reference book I can find. Mr. Brymer's five-to-eight-piece combo play their Beethoven with vigour and obvious enjoyment, and the record is a stimulating excursion into unfamiliar territory.

Just as one thinks that the systematic recording of Stravinsky's *oeuvre* (or "complete works" as the smarter

critics now put it) really must have ended, somebody finds something that hasn't been recorded, or the composer writes another occasional piece. Philips, who have done Stravinsky pretty well in their time, discovered that the ballet **Orpheus** was not in the catalogue; they quickly put that right and have backed it with an excellent performance of the more familiar **Symphony in Three Movements** conducted by Colin Davis (one record, mono and stereo).

I don't know whether the Pye Golden Guinea Collector Series is aiming to have Leslie Jones and the Little Orchestra of London record all Haydn's 104 symphonies, but if so they are now more than a tenth of the way through them. With the newly issued **Symphonies Nos. 3, 39 and 73** (one record, mono and stereo) Mr. Jones and his orchestra have brought their total to 11—most of them, like these latest three, performances of symphonies not otherwise to be found in the record catalogues. Leslie Jones has an instinctive feeling for the natural pulse of the music and allows the composer's charm and fun and vitality to make its point without banging us in the ribs to make sure we don't miss anything. The three symphonies are a welcome reminder of Haydn's prodigious inventiveness and his peculiar loveliness.

on galleries

Robert Wraight/Books my mother bought me

When I was a boy my mother gave me a subscription to something called *Modern Masterpieces*, an "outline of modern art" issued in 24 fortnightly instalments. Though I did not realize it at the time it was, in one respect at least, a very remarkable publication. It managed to make what was going on in art in England at that time appear no less important than what was happening in Paris. This effect was obtained, for the most part, by devoting about 90 per cent of the illustrations to British pictures. But it was also helped by the way in which the author of the text wrote in the same breath, so to speak, not only of Picasso and Sir William Orpen, Braque and Augustus John, but also of Bonnard and George Henry, Matisse and Philip Connard, Utrillo and Lancelot M. Glas-son.

I was reminded of all this when I went to see the retro-

spective exhibition of Dame Laura Knight's paintings and drawings that now fills the Diploma Gallery at the Royal Academy. Opening my catalogue I found a brief introduction, by Sir William Russell Flint, that is as charming a piece of gallantry as only one octogenarian Academician can show for another.

"If we consider the careers of women artists throughout the centuries," it says, "it soon becomes plain that Laura Knight surpasses them all in sheer variety of achievement." Shades of *Modern Masterpieces*! This is fulsome stuff, yet I cannot contradict it. Dame Laura's strong, masculine style has never appealed much to me. I once voted one of her Academy pictures the worst of the year. I prefer the painting of almost every famous woman painter I can think of, from Vigée Lebrun to Vieira da Silva. I like women painters to paint like

women, by which I mean to paint prettily like Marie Laurencin or Mariette Lydis, or delicately like Berthe Morisot or Thelma Hulbert, or sentimentally like Mary Cassatt or Annie Louisa Swynnerton, or passionately like Gabriële Münter and Paula Modersohn-Becker. But I do not deny that for sheer variety of achievement (or, at any rate, achievement of sheer variety) Dame Laura takes some beating.

She is 88 and has just published a second volume of autobiography, *The Magic of a Line*. Some time ago when I was talking to her about this book she said: "The damn thing takes up too much of my painting time. Writing is easy if you've had a decent education but I never had a decent education."

The earliest of the 260 things in her show are two drawings—*Little Girl's Head* and *Man in a Top Hat*—done in 1891, when she was 14. Drawn in charcoal, a difficult medium, they evidence an extraordinary precocity in an academic technique and in the understanding of form. A very strong feeling for form, in the "old-fashioned" sense of volume has always been the

dominating feature of Dame Laura's work. Whether she is painting gipsies or ballerinas, circus folk and animals or Nazi criminals in the Nuremberg dock, WAAFs on a balloon site, a very pink Bernard Shaw or a self-portrait with nude model, she strives, often with eye-fooling success, to make her painted images appear three dimensional. In the days of *Modern Masterpieces* this led to her annual offerings at the Royal Academy summer exhibition being hailed as "masterpieces of modern realism."

Today, when no one seems very sure what "realism" is (except that it isn't what *Modern Masterpieces* thought it was) we are inclined to feel superior about Dame Laura's sort of painting. But it dies hard. Indeed, it seems that naturalistic illustration done extremely well will always have its admirers. To confirm this there is, in the art trade, a revival of interest in many British artists (and Academicians) of Dame Laura's generation and kind. And earlier this month one of her characteristic circus pictures, *The Knap Stoper*, made £720 at Sotheby's.

OPEN AIR DANGERS

Good Looks by Evelyn Forbes



Two care-free summery styles from French of London. His "three tier" cutting with the longest layer on top enables the hair to fall into easy free-falling lines. Once set, it stays in place

Unless you plan to spend a lot of autumn repairing summer-damaged looks, think ahead and prevent the worst from happening. The great outdoors has its dangers for the beauty-conscious

In the country: lay in a supply of anti-midge lotion. Two well-tried examples are Flypel and Mylol. Some suntan lotions contain an insect repellent (Boots' Soltan Plus). Using Yardley's Lavender Soap and dusting ankles and arms with Yardley Lavender Talc, will keep all but the most persistent insects away. If you do get bitten, apply calamine lotion or vinegar and try not to scratch. If bites turn into really bad blisters, tell your doctor and he will be able to give you a pill which makes you less allergic to insect bites.

In the sun: Freckles can be pretty enough on a young face but are not so attractive when they pepper the skin of the older woman. Protect the skin with a cream or lotion and powder and seek every opportunity of sitting in the shade. Freckles can be bleached away and there is an excellent Freckle Cream made by the Swiss firm, Milopa, which, to date, can only

be bought at the Marshall & Snelgrove group of stores. Don't try to remove freckles though until the summer days are over, instead hide the freckles with a tan-tinted cream matched to the freckles rather than to the fair skin beneath.

Gardening: rub barrier cream or damp soap over your hands and under your nail tips before drawing on your gardening gloves, then if you do have to remove them to deal with a delicate plant, no serious damage will be done. If, in spite of these warnings, you get your hands well and truly earth begrimed, clean them with a paste made of oatmeal and Vaseline, not an abrasive cleanser.

Swimming: Sea water is no help to the hair. Kleinert's make water-tight bathing caps and it is a good idea to pin up the hair and then tie on a wide piece of chamois leather round the head under the cap. If a wave does engulf you, wash the hair as soon as possible. There is no need to go in or out of water with a naked face. Use cream rouge under a cake make-up and a water-proof mascara like Helena Rubinstein's Scimitar Long-Lash Mascara, and a long-lasting lipstick such as Revlon.

Tennis: a foundation lotion is better than a cream powder base when playing games, and do put on your lipstick with extra care so that the colour will not spread when you bite your lips in a tense moment.

Blot it with a tissue between two applications of lipstick and then powder over it, or like some tennis stars, use a protective lip lotion like Lip-Cote. To prevent blistered hands, harden the palms by rubbing them with Cologne night and morning and if perspiration is a problem, remember that you can use two for hard exercise: a cream plus an anti-perspirant powder, or cream plus spray or the Regular plus Instant version of a liquid deodorant.

BEAUTY FLASH Morny have just introduced a new slim line pack for their bath salts tablets and the good-looking white and gold carton is slim enough to lie on the narrowest of bathroom shelves. The bathcubes, like all the other Morny colour and perfume co-ordinated bath luxuries, are made in Sandalwood, French Fern, Pink Lilac, Lily of the Valley, Gardenia, Blue Carnation, June Roses and Lavender. They cost 3s. 9d. for six bath tablets.

Dudley Noble / Sturdy and secure

MOTORING

THE VOLVO 131



Volvo is Latin for "I roll," and it applies very aptly to the Swedish-made car which is being seen more and more on British roads. Sweden's climate is tough on motorcars, to say nothing of the roads which, by reason of a small population inhabiting vast areas remote from the main centres, are just plain gravel. During the long winter their surface is solid ice, and so the resident motorist who has to keep his car running throughout the year looks first and foremost to sturdy build and reliability as his criteria.

In the Volvo he finds not only these qualities but also certain others that mean much to him: resistance to rust and corrosion of unusual comprehensiveness, for instance, and the use of stout gauge steel for body construction. This is quite an important consideration in a country where a skid on a snowbound road may bring in its wake a complete somersault and even two or three rolls-over. It is worth noting that the Swedish motorist was the first to become acquainted with the merits of the safety belt, probably through this proclivity.

Whenever I drive a Volvo my outstanding impression is of

security; it is so solidly built, so large and strong, that it has a reassuring feeling. Yet it is almost surprisingly light in weight for such ruggedness—21 cwt. with a full tank—and its comparatively small engine (four cylinders, 1.8 litres capacity) is fully up to a 90 m.p.h. top speed. I exceeded this more than once on a recent trip to Devon, the actual model being the 131, the least expensive in the Volvo range (£1,023 inclusive of purchase tax).

Nor was fuel consumption by any means excessive—over some 500 miles it averaged just on 27 m.p.g., and a tankful allowed more than 250 miles to be covered between replenishments. The engine develops 75 b.h.p., and does so with a soothing lack of fuss and noise (thanks partly to the well supported crankshaft, which has the now fashionable five main bearings), while the pulling power at low speeds was quite remarkable and vibration-free. The gearbox was a joy to handle with its control lever short and handily placed between the front seats and a nicely positive change to all of its four synchromesh gears.

The Volvo is designed along

thoroughly orthodox lines, with independent suspension at the front and a "rigid" back axle; all the same, the method of springing it is so sophisticated that it produces a most restful ride, which is maintained on even the worst surfaces. My only criticism of the road-holding, excellent though it was on the open road, is that in the rain there was a tendency for the front tyres to lose grip and plough straight on at slow, tight corners. This may have been due to the tyres themselves, but I did come up against it once or twice on some of the less well surfaced Devonshire hills.

The brakes—Girling discs at the front—were very efficient, and represented just one of the British-made components fitted by the Aktiebolaget Volvo, whose car assembly plant is at Gothenburg but whose ramifications extend throughout Sweden. One thing the firm does do for itself, however, which is unusual in these days of buying components from suppliers, is to produce its own castings in a foundry, located in the iron ore mining area, a showpiece of modernity.

Swedish pigiron and steel

have long been a byword for their "body"—a word used to describe expertly a superiority proved by usage but impossible to explain. To many British motorists the appeal of the Volvo car may lie rather in the great comfort of its body than in the sheer strength of the structure itself. The seating is without doubt the best contoured and most luxurious of any car I have so far sat in—a sweeping but none the less positive statement. Never have I had such a wonderful support for my back, and I can fully believe that the claim "designed in consultation with medical experts" is completely justified. The shaping of the backrests to the front seats keeps one's body firmly located even when taking bends at high speed, and they are high enough to support the shoulder blades: the rear seats are both wide and deep, with a centre armrest. Newly developed rubber springing inside the seat cushions provides great resilience and the upholstery is soft and welcoming. Safety belts to the front seats are fitted as standard, with attachments for rear seat belts if desired (these belts themselves are an extra).

ANTIQUES

A few weeks ago I considered netsuke, the small Japanese carvings that have become so popular; now I propose to centre attention on the small containers that were used in conjunction with netsuke. These inro were invariably made in the same shape but each one was divided, like a small box, into one or more compartments that all fitted together.

The history of the inro is almost identical with that of the netsuke and similarly the inro were only occasionally signed during the 18th century, whereas in the 19th century it became increasingly the habit for the craftsmen to sign their pieces. Inro were most frequently made from lacquered wood, an extremely specialized art that demanded great skill since the lacquer was the natural gum of the sumach tree which was then mixed with various pigments as well as with gold and silver.

By kind permission of Douglas J. K. Wright of London, W.1, I reproduce photographs of some very fine 18th century inro. The first depicts a late 18th century six case inro (*left*) decorated with raised and flat gold lacquer and with slight details in colour that is signed by the pure inro maker Toyo with a red seal. The decoration portrays an old man talking to a sparrow who is welcoming him to his house, one episode in the legend of the "Tongue cut sparrow Shitakiri Suzume." The legend tells of a kind old man who kept a young sparrow as a pet, but one day when the bird was hopping about it pecked at the wife's washing. She flew into a rage and cut out the sparrow's tongue and sent it away. On returning home the old man sought his pet but could find it nowhere. When he heard the reason he became unhappy and went in search of the bird. After a while he found his pet

with its own family and the bird greeted him and welcomed him into the sparrow home. The old man stayed a while but then decided he must return to his own home and just before he left the sparrow offered him, as a departing gift, the choice of two large boxes. The man, being old and feeble, chose that which was light and carried it home where he opened it to find treasures and gold. His wife, hearing the story, left the house to seek the sparrow's home and was welcomed and treated kindly. When she left she was given the same choice. Being greedy she selected the heavier of the two and hurried away, stopping as soon as she was out of sight of the house and putting down the box to open it. When the lid was lifted out sprang the ugliest of hobgoblins and evil creatures whom we suppose took revenge for her wickedness. The netsuke is a perfect partner for this piece as it depicts the old man lifting the lid of his box revealing the treasure.

The black lacquer inro of uncommon hexagonal form (*right*) is decorated with an eagle

perched on a pine tree awaiting the chance to pounce on a prey all executed in gold lacquer relief, the smaller details in mother-of-pearl. This inro has a wood netsuke carved in the shape of beans with foliage and the ojime is of carved lacquer.

The second picture illustrates three 18th century inro. The four case Gyobu lacquer inro (*left*) is signed by Komo Haku Yasuaki and is decorated with three masks from Noh Dances. The mask shown represents a Hannya mask in gold lacquer with a hammer behind it. These two subjects together symbolize the legend of Kiyohime and the Monk of Anchin. Anchin refused the advances of Kiyohime and hid under a bell; she, her love refused, turned into a demoness with a dragon body, encircled the bell and beat it with the mallet with so much force that the bell became white hot and burnt the monk to a cinder. Gyobu lacquer was made by pieces of foil being mixed with lacquer, giving a mottled appearance to the surface. The five case inro (*centre*) is of charming quality signed by

Kanyusai Sei Morimitsu. With its peaceful mountainous landscape overlooking a bay with small boats and along the shore various pavilions and tea-houses visited by travellers, it is the very essence of Japanese art in this field. The landscape is further enhanced by a pearl moon on the reverse while on the side shown a mountain range and the sun are set in mother-of-pearl and red pearl.

The five case gold lacquer inro (*right*) has another landscape design including rocks, a stream and a flowering plum in fine gold relief on a nashiji ground. This piece is typical of the late 18th century and early 19th century school of Kaji-kawa which was founded in the early 17th century and became lacquerers to the Court possibly because the work was always tasteful and refined at the same time being of quality. The netsuke attached to the cord of this particular item is of the same style, being solid manju form with Pualownia spray in gold on a nashiji ground. A nashiji ground is made by gold dust sprinkled on the lacquer and polished.



DINING IN

Helen Burke / Lessons at home

Anyone who wants to cook well can, in a surprisingly short time, learn enough in her own home to be able to turn out meals of "Cordon Bleu" class. Recently I heard of a woman, herself a Cordon Bleu Diplômée, who will visit women who would cook as well as a chef and give them instructions in *haute cuisine* in their own kitchens. I got in touch with Mrs. Gertrude Hambourg and went to the home of Mrs. Lillian Aza in St. John's Wood to witness one of these lessons. It was for a three-course dinner consisting of dishes which, I am sure, only experienced cooks would attempt. A dinner lesson in one's own home is a good idea, and Mrs. Aza was able to serve the dinner that same evening.

The two ladies worked together while I looked on, and Mrs. Aza did everything herself under the close supervision of Mrs. Hambourg. One of the injunctions was: "Please shake a little salt into your hand." This is wise: no shaking salt

into a dish, but carefully selecting the pinch it needs.

The menu included *Pâté de Foie* and *Canard aux Oranges*. When I arrived, the duck was being prepared. For three to four servings, you will need a plump young duck or duckling (3½ to 4 lb. dressed weight)—and see that you get the giblets. You will also need 4 oranges, 2 onions, 2 carrots, a bouquet garni, a clove of garlic (optional), butter, olive or corn oil, seasoning and a wineglass of port or sherry.

Wash the bird well, inside and out, and dry with a clean cloth. Lightly rub the inside and outside with salt and the cut clove of garlic, if used. Meanwhile, have the oven heating to 375 to 400 deg. F. or gas mark 5 to 6. Also make stock with the giblets, onions, carrots, bouquet garni, seasoning and ½ to ¾ pint of water. Place the bird in the baking tin with 1 to 2 cups of water, if the duck is rather fat, or with a tablespoon of oil and 2 oz. of butter. After 15 to 20 minutes, slightly

reduce the heat. Cook the bird for 25 to 30 minutes a pound, gradually adding the strained giblet stock and the juice and thinly sliced rind of an orange. Taste and season further if required. Peel the remaining oranges and cut them in to neat not-too-thin slices. Poach them in a little stock in a small pan and keep them hot.

When the duck is cooked, pour off the fat and thicken the pan gravy with ½ teaspoon of cornflour smoothly blended with a little stock. Bring to the boil and add the port or sherry. Taste again and adjust seasoning if necessary. Carve the duck. Place the pieces on a heated serving-dish and pour a little of the hot sauce over them. Arrange the hot slices of oranges around the meat and serve the sauce separately.

While the duck was cooking, there was time to make the *Pâté de Foie*—"easily and quickly made Chicken Liver Pâté to be served in a terrine or on croutons. It will keep for 8 to 10 days in a refrigerator but should be removed about an hour before being served," says Mrs. Hambourg.

Here are the ingredients: 4 to 6 chicken livers (frozen ones can be used), 2 to 3 medium-sized onions, 1 clove of garlic (optional), 2 yolks of hard-

boiled eggs, 6 oz. butter, salt and pepper, ½ wineglass of red wine or dry sherry, 2 tablespoons of thick cream, oil and flour. Gently wash and lightly dry the livers. Roll them lightly in a little flour.

Chop the onions finely and lightly fry them to a golden tone in 1 to 2 tablespoons of oil, depending on the size of the pan, stirring them well with a wooden spoon. Remove the onions. Fry the chicken livers in the same pan for 5 to 6 minutes only, covering them with a lid after 3 minutes. ("The livers should be slightly pink inside.") Meanwhile, have the butter in a warm place for easy creaming.

Set aside a few nice small pieces of the livers for the top of the terrine. Sieve the remainder and the onions while they are still warm. Rub the egg yolks through a sieve on to the mixture. Swill the pan with the wine, simmer to reduce it by half, then pour it over the liver mixture and work it in.

Well cream the butter with a wooden spoon in a separate basin. Gradually add it to the liver mixture with the cream and seasoning to taste. Turn the mixture into a terrine, add reserved pieces of liver and push in to just below the surface.

Mrs. Hambourg's address is: 24 St. Edmund's Court, N.W.8.

Weddings



Lee-Barber-Harrison: Victoria, elder daughter of Rear-Admiral & Mrs. J. Lee-Barber of The Old Rectory, Harkstead, Suffolk, was married to Roger, son of Major General D. Harrison and of Mrs. K. F. Harrison of Itchen Stoke Mill, Alresford, Hampshire, at St. Mary's Church, Harkstead, Suffolk



Shaw-Neame: Susan Carol, elder daughter of Mr. T. Shaw and the late Mrs. Shaw of Manor Farm House, Wokingham, Berks., was married to Timothy Roger Hancox, son of Mr. Lionel Neame of Place House, Rodmell, Sussex, and of Viscountess Allenby of Prospect House, Wittersham, Kent, at Binfield, Berkshire



Cross-Barton: Karina Mary, youngest daughter of Sir Ronald & Lady Cross, was married to Sean Michael, eldest son of Brigadier & Mrs. A. B. Barton of The Crofts, Castletown, Isle of Man, at St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield

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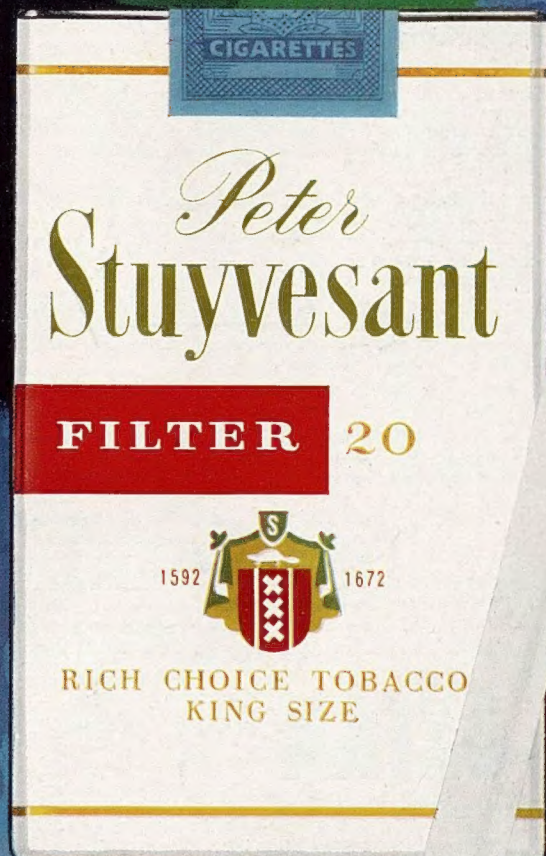
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